

Complete

THE MISSIONARY HELPER

"There is nothing to fear in the coming year,
Though the smile be faint on its face,
Better than hope is a faith that will grope
 In the dark for the hidden grace;
Better than joy is the brave employ
 Of the days in the Master's field,
But the harvest still is the work of His will;—
 To make it thrive or yield."

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The Missionary Helper

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XUM

The Missionary Helper

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY
NELLIE WADE WHITCOMB, EDITOR

VOL. XLI.

JANUARY, 1918

No. 1

A Little Te Deum

We thank Thee, Lord,
For mercies manifold in these dark days;
For Heart of Grace that would not suffer wrong:
For all the stirrings in the dead, dry bones;
For bold self-steeling to the time's dread needs;
For every sacrifice of self to Thee;
For ease and wealth and life so freely given;
For Thy deep sounding of the hearts of men;
For Thy great opening of the hearts of men;
For Thy close knitting of the hearts of men;
For all who sprang to answer the great call:
For their high courage and self-sacrifice;
For their endurance under deadly stress;
For all the unknown heroes who have died
To keep the land inviolate and free;
For all who come back from the Gates of Death:
For all who pass to larger life with Thee,
And find in Thee the wider liberty;
For hope of Righteous and Enduring Peace;
For hope of cleaner earth and closer Heaven;
With burdened hearts, but faith unquenchable—

We thank Thee, Lord!

—John Oxenham

Motto: Faith and Works Win.

Colors: Blue and Gold.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Out through all the coming years,
 Glad and sweet and tender,
 Ripples widen from a thought
 Dropped here by the sender,
 Fathoms deep, for love and cheer,
 In the morning of the year.

Just a pebble, it is true,
 But a prayer enfolds it;
 'Tis a talismanic stone
 And the New Year holds it,
 Fathoms deep, for love and cheer,
 In the morning of the year.

—*Hopestill Farnham.*

"In the year now behind us the whole civilized world has been called to learn in the school of God. The disciplines of life have been heavy upon us, but the light of the knowledge of the Glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, has been upon the page as we scanned it. By that light we have learned much that may help us to face all that lies ahead. . . . We are called anew to exercise the unspeakable privilege of Prayer. The magnitudes of the time are so great that nothing human can compass them. God has pressed back into our trembling hands the supreme instrument of approach to Himself." Thus reads, in part, the Call to Prayer for the Churches for the first week in January, from the Evangelical Alliance, which "mobilizes the faith of the world for Common Prayer, Christian Unity, and Co-operation." Our churches are gladly responding to this imperative call. The Federation of Women's Boards for Foreign Missions has appointed Friday, January 11, as a day of Prayer for Foreign Missions, with the following topics: Praise and Thanksgiving; Mission Work and Workers in all lands; Prayer for the Spirit of Humiliation and Confession; for Native Church and Union Colleges for Women; for Home Church; for Nations at War; Young Women's Hour; Quiet Hour and Re-consecration. All of our women, we hope, will take part in these, preferably, interdenominational meetings. Even those who must stay at home, and the shut-ins, can help, by taking the subjects of prayer to the Father. The hours to be observed are from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Meantime we are preparing for our own meeting of Prayer and Praise in February. Our interest and petitions cannot be too far-reaching or too inclusive, but they must center in the work and workers dependent upon us. We must be conscious of the peculiar appeal to *us* of Storer College and Bengal-Orissa and our HELPER. "Our dear Rope Holders," is the way one of our missionaries begins her letters to the homeland. Are we holding the ropes firmly, happily, all together? Let us pray very specially, in the coming weeks, for those schools of which Miss Gowen tells us so

entertainingly; for the speedy raising of that needed four hundred dollars for the completion of the Middle Vernacular Girls' School building at Balasore; for Sinclair Orphanage, with its dear brown babies and imperative needs, and its great-hearted mother, Dr. Mary; for Miss Coombs, so blessedly "helping out," that she may have strength for her manifold tasks; for Miss Amy Porter with her too many educational burdens; for Miss Barnes, alone at Jellasore; for Miss Daniels and Mrs. Holder and little Doris, at Midnapore; for all the native helpers of these, and the many pupils in the schools; for each one of our in-love-with-their-work teachers at Storer, and for the boys and girls who are "better Americans in the making." Let us help bring a happy New Year to these friends and objects so dear to us, thus assuring one for ourselves. . . . Miss Fairfield—whose ever-ready pen has been a blessing to our magazine—gives us a comprehensive review of "The Lure of Africa." As we follow Miss Mackenzie's leading over "The African Trail," let us make a few detours and visit the stations of our Baptist workers on the Congo. Now is a favorable time to become intimately acquainted with a small part of the vast work of the W. A. B. F. M. S. . . . Such happy echoes are coming from auxiliaries which celebrated the Ruby Anniversary of our **HELPER**! Such lovely letters are being received! Thank you, every one. The **HELPER** agent at Dover, N. H., wrote, enclosing \$2.00 for the Illustration Fund, from the Hills Home and Foreign Mission Society, "We had a delightful missionary meeting last week. Forty-three were present, counting children. Mrs. Cross impersonated the **HELPER** *beautifully*. I got three new subscribers. Our ladies are so pleased with Mrs. Kenyon's picture in the November number." The editor is happy to be able to pass on Mrs. Cross's very clever monologue on the **MISSIONARY HELPER**, although she cannot reproduce the charm of the impersonation. Since last reported, contributions have been received for the Illustration Fund from Mrs. Alice M. Metcalf, Carolina, R. I., the United Baptist Auxiliary, Lewiston, Me., Miss L. A. DeMeritte, Dover, N. H., and the auxiliaries of Auburn and Scarboro, Me. The Lewiston agent mentioned three new subscribers. Miss Helen A. Hutchinson, Livermore Falls, sends contributions for Illustration and Sustaining Funds. It seems as if our friends are vieing with one another to show their appreciation of our magazine. May each one of our **HELPER** family have a blessed New Year!

WHAT IS PRAYER?

BY JOHN T. FARIS, D. D.

From the Book of Answered Prayer

PRAYER is a fixed habit, a constant experience, the Christian's vital breath, the bulk of his life, the practise of fellowship with God, a normal, incessant and inevitable outflow of one's entire nature as a child of God. It involves praise, adoration, conference, intercession, refreshment, serenity, joy, confident expectation, love, compassion for one's fellows, devotion to the Kingdom, forgetfulness of self in serving, tenderness of heart, the spirit and habit of loving kindness, an abounding trust, a lively sense of the Heavenly Father's presence—and whatever else goes to make up the character and habit of Jesus Christ. Why? Because all true prayer is prayer in Jesus' name—and in Scripture "name" stands for character. We pray in proportion as we lead the Christian life; the one goes out with the other. We pray as we live—as devotees of, and as absorbed in, the great Enterprise. Selfishness disappears. Personal petition becomes a very minor factor; petition for purely personal ends is not thought of. We have difficulties to meet, but these stand related to God's ends, which we have made our own. They still have a personal tang, as did Christ's plea in Gethsemane; but our sense of personal ordeal melts into our sense of the needs of the Kingdom, and so our will is merged in God's will. When we really pray, God and we are thus far one, and victory is sure.

BALASORE SCHOOLS

By SADIE B. GOWEN.

Among the names of missionaries connected with the educational work for women in Balasore that of Dorcas Smith will, perhaps, be longest remembered. Quite a number of years ago a wealthy Hindu gentleman, interested in the education of Indian women, placed at interest a sum of money, the income of which may be used annually for a silver medal to be awarded to the girl who passes highest in the Government Scholarship examination for Middle Vernacular Schools in Balasore District.

On this medal, valued at about seven dollars, is inscribed the name of the winner, the benevolent donor, and pre-eminently these words, "Dorcas Smith Memorial." This fund is in the hands of the municipal government, and the medal is given on application to the city magistrate. Any school girl who receives the medal receives, also, from Government, two dollars per month for three years, a sum nearly sufficient for High School or normal training. More than a dozen of our Balasore girls and women are the proud possessors of one of these medals, which stands for real achievement in scholarship.

Connected with our mission work we have, at present, seven schools for girls. In two of these, the Kindergarten and Middle Vernacular schools, the attendance of about one hundred and fifty is almost wholly made up of children from Sinclair Orphanage and the Christian Villages near by.

The Kindergarten, we call it that from force of habit, is really a Lower Primary School, combining with its own curriculum some kindergarten work. Our Hall always receives highest praise from Government officials when visiting us. About one hundred Brownies with six trained teachers are busy there from eleven to four o'clock. Government requires that all its teachers shall be trained, and provides schools under Mission supervision for such training. Herein is one sign of a new Balasore. When the Kindergarten was started I am told that the teachers received daily instruction, from the missionary in charge, in what they were to teach the children later in the day.

From the Middle Vernacular School, girls go on to High School or Normal, and we are justly proud of our one Balasore girl, who has her College degree. She is the only Oriya girl thus far to receive such a



PRODUCTS OF OUR GIRLS' SCHOOLS IN INDIA

degree, and is now teaching in a Government High School. Several of our girls are in College and some now in High School expect to attend. One of the greatest satisfactions I have had is welcoming our girls back home after a year away at school. Noting the little refinements they have acquired, the expansion of thought and new aspirations, yet in most cases fitting as gladly and happily into the simple home life as ever.

There are problems. One is to know what to do with the girl who cannot pass her grades after two or three attempts. For such we have provided classes in lace making and embroidery, by means of which the girls become self supporting.

There are five schools attended only by Hindu children. These are known as Permit Ghat, Motsai, Kespur (New Hampton), Bhampaila and Remna. Each one could furnish its interesting stories about the little girls who come from every variety of home. The Brahman child, bedecked with gold trinkets, and her playmates of about the same class, make up the Permit Ghat and Remna schools. The village of Remna is a stronghold of Hinduism, but one man there has been brave enough to openly confess the Master and is a faithful witness.

Permit Ghat school provides an evangelistic center for that place. A Sunday School for boys of the neighborhood who do not attend any school is held in the schoolhouse, and the home of one of the older girls who married at twelve and so could not leave the house any more, was offered for S. S., and for about two years one was held there.

Motsai is unique in that the second teacher in the school is a Hindu widow. In her childhood she won a scholarship from that school and although she never studied beyond fourth grade, yet she was recognized as having a superior education by the women of her village. When she became a widow she came back to the school and wanted to assist. The head teacher, a well trained woman, was glad to help her, and the British Government, eager to promote the welfare of an Indian widow, gave us the amount of money required for her wages. She is valuable to the school in many ways.

Every school except Kespur has Government Aid and is under Government inspection. Kespur is some distance away. There is no public road to it. The villagers are very poor and boys as well as girls attend.

Daily Bible lessons are taught in all our schools, and many a Hindu child can tell Bible stories longer than one has time to listen.

Amid the frosts and snows of a Maine winter, I can hear in fancy the music of tinkling bracelets and silver anklets, and see the glad gleam of bright, brown eyes, as the child-faces of India's women pass by in review. How we long for them to truly know the Children's Friend!

"Made like our own strange selves
With memory, mind and will,
Made with a heart to love
And a soul to live forever."

MISSIONARY HELPER

By BELLE WILSON CROSS.

(Impersonated by Mrs. Cross at the December meeting of the Hills Home and Foreign Mission Society, Dover, N. H.)

I arrived in Dover early this morning and called at your homes, but you were too busy to give me much attention, for you were all going to the missionary meeting this afternoon. When I called upon Mrs. Ethel Demeritt she invited me to stay and enjoy the meeting, for she was to entertain.

I think you did not recognize me at first—perhaps because you usually see me in my traveling suit, which is always in brown, and to-day I am wearing blue and gold—my mother's colors.

I suppose you expect me to talk about myself, so I will tell you some facts about my life.

My name is MISSIONARY HELPER. I was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1877, so I have passed my fortieth birthday. My father's name is Free Baptist; my mother's name is Missionary Society. They called me Missionary after my mother and, because she desired my life to be one of service, she named me HELPER.

They tell me that I was a delicate child and many people prophesied that I would not live to grow up. One man said that he would give me five years to live, but Mother's "Faith and Works" saved me. You know "Faith and Works" is Mother's motto; she lives by it every day and has accomplished great things by its inspiration.

I have one older Sister, *Morning Star*. We were a small family and lived simply, but were always very happy together. Of course, we had some discouragements and many hard problems to meet, as most families do.

The first break in our family life was *Morning Star's* marriage to Mr. *Watchman*. Then father formed a partnership with his older brother, Hardshell Baptist, and since he has been so taken up with Uncle Hardshell's affairs, he has had little time for the old home life. For the past few years Mother has been growing more and more intimate with my Uncle Hardshell's wife and I have been quite lonely.

My Uncle Hardshell wants me to marry a friend of his family. He tells me that I would have a larger circle of friends; but I have rejected this offer because I love my old friends too dearly to leave them. I think they would miss their MISSIONARY HELPER, and Mother clings to me, for

I am all she has left of the old life. While I am glad to have Father and Mother extending their influence in a broader life, which the new Association brings to them, I like to feel that I am the link between the old life with its happy memories and the new life so full of promise.

It's such a pleasure to meet the women of this Society, which was named after one of my oldest and dearest friends. "Mother Hills" loved me from the time I was born, and watched my growth with much delight.

Another old friend of mine is here today. Miss Laura DeMeritt was my mother's guardian for years, having charge of her estate. Father would have liked to manage it, I think, but Mother had great confidence in Miss De Meritt's ability, and as a family we are greatly indebted to her.

Another one of your members whom I love is Mrs. Martha Demeritt. She has been such a loyal friend and has always said kind things about me. Many of you were not interested in me until she persuaded you to give me a trial, and through her I have won your friendship.

I am so glad that you are helping to sustain the "Illustration Fund," for it enables me to bring with me, each month, photographs of our friends. Didn't I surprise you last month when I brought the photograph of your own dearly-loved president, Mrs. Kenyon?

My friends say that I am interesting and attractive and inspiring—I owe it all to a wise and gracious lady who has filled me with her own strength of mind and sweetness of spirit. Together we spend many hours in her delightful Ocean Park home, "The Hermitage," with the murmuring pines and the distant-rolling ocean inspiring our thoughts.

Mrs. Whitcomb receives many interesting letters from the other side of the world, as well as messages from the Home friends. These she gives to me to bring to you, as I visit your homes each month.

I think there are a few women here whom I have not yet met. I hope I shall be introduced to-day and that you, too, will become my friends.

BELLE WILSON CROSS.

Dover, N. H.

Our prayers are God's opportunities. When we are tempted to wish that more opportunities would come our way, let us ask ourselves whether we are sending opportunities God's way.—*Charles Gallaudet Trumbull.*

"The intellectual puzzles are found in the fringes of prayer; prayer at its center is as simple and as profound as friendship."

THE LURE OF AFRICA

By ABBIE H. FAIRFIELD.

When a man knows thoroughly a whole country, and is intensely interested in that country and its people, and ready to give of the best that is in him for their advancement: when, notwithstanding this, because of the number of books on that topic he has positively determined that he will not add another; yet, seeing that certain phases of the work in that field have not been presented with sufficient emphasis, he consents to set aside his own inclinations, and to do his share in the way that seems necessary, the resulting work must have a peculiar interest. These are the circumstances attending the writing of "The Lure of Africa" by Cornelius H. Patton, of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions: and the interest aroused by both preface and title, he sustains throughout the book. Dr. Patton's idea is to present Africa as a whole, as he himself thinks of it, and to arouse the interest of the young of the churches in missionary work there. Missionaries in Africa have felt, or feared, a lack of interest in their work: it has seemed to them that other mission fields, India and China, for instance, with their old civilizations, and their new prominence among the nations, have absorbed people's minds and thoughts to the detriment of the African work. So this new book tells us what the great "dark continent" really is—what are its peoples, what are its problems.

Beginning with what lies on the surface, whatever the ordinary tourist may see, the author vividly describes five typical scenes, so interesting and varied that we at once feel the fascination of the country: first, Cairo, with its streets and bazaars, its strange cosmopolitan population of 650,000, its mosques, its ramparts, the Nile with all its historic and poetic significance: and as a background, the mystery of the Sphinx and the wonder of the pyramids. Then Mombosa, far down the East Coast, with its tropical vegetation, its varied native population, the old Portuguese fort built in 1594, and its rather exciting history: the city has changed hands thirteen times, having been in possession of the British since 1887. Third, Victoria Falls, discovered by Livingstone in 1855, as he floated down the Zambesi in a native canoe—a mighty fall of 343 feet, and 1860 yards wide; now quite easily accessible by the Cape-to-Cairo railroad: here a graceful steel arch, said to be the highest railroad bridge in the world, brings the wonderful engineering skill of the west into the wilds of so

lately unknown Africa. Fourth, a native war-dance, which brings one closer to the people; not the real war-dance, strangers may not see that, but a festivity arranged by the native kings and chiefs when the missionary invites them to meet his guests: men naked except for a leopard skin about the waist, and armed with spears, singing, dancing, stabbing at imaginary wild beasts, and finishing with a feast—a big ox roasted whole. No wonder Dr. Patton says, "After all, the most fascinating thing in Africa is the African." The first scene described is the great Zulu choir at Durban, in Natal. It was in 1911, the seventy-fifth anniversary of the beginning of mission work among the Zulus: there were five speakers, Lord Herbert Gladstone presided, other persons of prominence were to attend: but the great attraction was the Zulu choir of 345 young men and women, in neat western costume, singing with wonderful art and sincere expression the best of the Christian music, "Trust Ye in the Mighty God," "The Ransomed Hosts," giving back to the white people a beautiful expression of what had been given to them in the seventy-five years of work and devotion.

These five pictures—city, country, and people—have surely brought the reader under the spell of Africa. Now we find statistics as to the size and history of Africa: Africa is so new to the world; to the Egyptians it was only the Nile valley to Abyssinia, the southern coast of the Mediterranean, and the western coast of the Red Sea. To the Phoenicians, it may have reached as far south as the Zambesi on the east coast. Ptolemy traced the Nile to two lakes near the equator, and the Romans followed Ptolemy's map for several centuries. Our knowledge of the size and shape of Africa we owe to Portuguese navigators, who began their explorations late in the 15th century: but it is only in very recent times that the interior of Africa has been more than a name. The size of Africa? 5000 miles long and 4500 miles wide; 12,000,000 square miles: three times the size of Europe; about the size of North America and Europe together. Truly a mission field worth considering! We all know what we owe to Livingstone and to Stanley, but perhaps we do not know that the Roman Emperor Nero was much interested in attempts to discover the sources of the Nile. How long the great river kept its secret! Rivers, lakes, forests, prairies, deserts; wild beasts, fascinating and ferocious; men sometimes as wild; almost fabulous wealth in gold, copper, diamonds, fine timbers; all these are trifles, but very clearly set forth in Dr. Patten's book. But his chief interest is in the people: about 130,000,000 Africans;

but these are by no means one people: the contrasts in different tribes are great; they are divided roughly into five groups:—the aborigines of the Mediterranean states, called Libyans by the Romans, now called Berbers; the Arabs; the negroes proper, of the Sudan and the Guinea coast; the Bantu people, living from the lakes to the southern extremity of the continent; the Pigmies, Hottentots, and Bushmen, survivals of the most ancient Africans, the real aborigines, as near to the primitive man as any race on earth. Of languages we find 523 distinct languages and 320 dialects, or 843 varieties of speech. In 100 African tongues the Bible has been printed.

As to progress, in religion and civilization, the study divides Africa into "strongholds of Mohammedanism," North Africa; "strongholds of Christianity," South Africa below the Zambezi: the zone of Mohammedan advance, the Sudan; the zone of Christian advance, Central Africa. The chapter describing the early advance of Christianity, and its conflict with Mohammedanism in North Africa, is most interesting and suggestive. In the early days, Christianity was strongly established in North Africa; Egypt was for years the most splendid seat of oriental Christianity: outside Egypt, however, though Christianity was strong, it was mainly the strength of great personalities, like Augustine and Tertullian: the church, as a whole was divided by disputes, was formal rather than vital, and was a non-missionary church; it had no care for the pagan tribes back from the coast, its interest was orthodoxy. When the Arab tribes, under Mohammed, invaded Egypt, Alexandria surrendered without any resistance, and soon the whole country was under Arab rule, and Christianity fell, with the Roman civilization: swiftly the conquerors swept westward, and by 711 the whole Mediterranean coast was in the hands of the Mohammedans. They immediately reduced the heathen tribes to subjection, put an end to idolatry, taught their simple service of prayer, and their strict monotheism, and soon submission, the submission of the slave, was forced upon the natives. Many evil practices were stopped: on the other hand, polygamy, easy divorce, sensuality, slavery, cruelty, became common in the land. With these conditions the missionaries are struggling, but against a power, in Mohammedanism, far stronger than any pagan power. In Cairo is the leading Mohammedan university, the El Azhar mosque, where 10,000 young men each year are studying the religion of Islam, to become preachers and teachers. On the other hand there is in Cairo a

Christian college for young women, and in Assiut, a college for young men, which has already sent out 100 preachers.

Of the Christian stronghold, South Africa, one favorable fact is that it is a country where white men live safely, under favorable conditions of climate: here the struggle is with paganism alone; but a deep, dark paganism, marked by cannibalism actuated by the grossest superstition, slavery, the selling of young girls for wives, the belief in witchcraft: on the other hand, the South Africans are characterized by respect for authority, loyalty, devotion, and bravery, traits making for the finest character when used in the right direction. The stories of the converts told in this chapter are full of hope and promise.

Of the Sudan and Central Africa the region between these two marked spheres of influence, the northern part is rapidly coming under the influence of Mohammedanism. Why? Every Moslem, merchant, sailor, or simple traveller, considers himself a missionary: also, to advance trade, he makes friends with the natives, and he is a true friend so long as the African gives him the monopoly of friendship and trade. Another factor has been the attitude of the English and French governments, who, to avoid conflict with Mohammedan chiefs, have forbidden Christian missionaries to work in Moslem areas. This policy is defended on the ground that until railroads and other developments are extended, missionaries could not be protected. All these conditions make the problem of the Sudan a serious one.

The chapter on "Africa and Civilization" is devoted to the old problem of the assimilation of the old and the new, the benefits to the native, and the drawbacks: the establishment of law and order, facilities for travel, education, protection of life and security of property: on the other hand, the contemptuous attitude of the white man, the taxes, restraint, new diseases, industrial oppression, liquor. How shall it balance? "Civilization in Africa will be godless only in case the Christian people of Europe and America fail in their duty. There is not a section of the continent where the situation could not be saved by aggressive action on the part of church and state, working in harmony. . . . Throughout this vast continent there will be a movement of civilization greater than any we have yet witnessed. Shall it be guided by Christ or by greed?"

With all the truthful presentation of facts, many of them discouraging, the book is optimistic in tone, full of interesting information, and written in a clear and convincing style.

Biddeford, Maine.

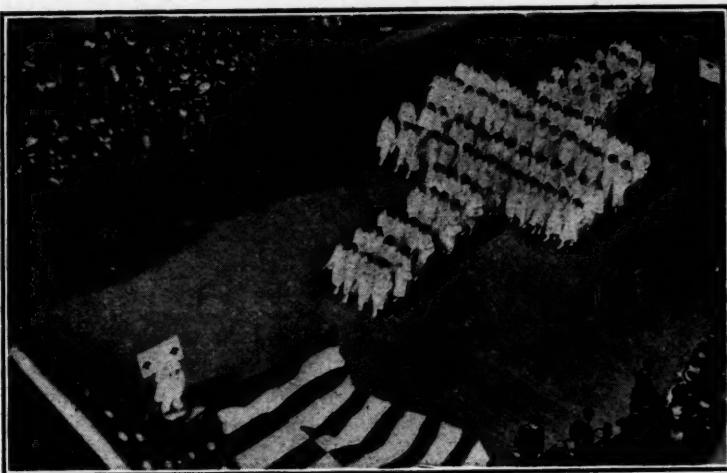
WOMEN AND THE WAR

"Amazing things happen when men go to war." If you wish a clear understanding of one of the most amazing—how women are helping the Administration, through the Council of National Defense—read "Mobilizing the Women," by Ida M. Tarbell, in *Harper's Magazine* for November. This is the first time in history that a government has called a country's woman-power into co-operation. The Woman's Committee is organized in all of the forty-eight states. Alaska, Porto Rico, the Hawaiian Islands, and Guam, have the nucleus of groups. "We must get behind, stand together, follow our leader." These are phrases one hears everywhere. "It is 'our war' now, and the common verdict is that we shall win it only by organized co-operation." At first it was questioned how men and women would work together in large organized effort. When the test came, Miss Tarbell says, "There was no suggestion of 'I am a man and you are a woman, and therefore we cannot do these things together.' It was as natural as a church supper." And through these great demands and co-operative activities women are growing into the realization that "Democracy is a spirit, a faith."

In an article on Patriotic Service, in *The Delineator*, Mrs. Maud Radford Warren writes, "This is a time of supreme honor for women. Our country cannot win this war without our hands and brains and self-sacrificing co-operation. The nation built and made powerful by countless pioneers and soldiers, teachers and statesmen, manufacturers and laborers cannot be maintained in power unless women come forward. . . . It is no longer the hour for high fervor and for ringing words, but for steady, cheerful work, day after day, without any counting of the cost, without any straining of eyes to see the end. This is our burden and our great honor."

The *Independent* reports that "As Chief Controller of the Women's Auxiliary Corps (British), Mrs. Chalmers Watson, M. D., is in command of over 14,000 women working at supplementary army duties behind the lines in France. Mrs. Watson was the first woman physician graduated by Edinburgh University."

As a matter of history and legend, says *The Woman Citizen*, women have been inventors ever since the world began. The wife of the Fourth Emperor of China is accredited with having invented silk weaving. But Mr. Garrett P. Serviss thinks that the European War has driven women to getting out their polishing utensils and rubbing up to the nth degree



A group of white-clad Nurses marches in the striking
formation of a Human Cross



Members of a Base Hospital Unit now in training in the U. S.

By courtesy of the American Red Cross,

their hitherto unused brain powers. A woman, for instance, invented the gas mask in Italy two years ago. "Including patents relating to motor cars, airplanes, and commercial objects, women's inventions in England alone have lately increased in number to as many as 500 in twelve months." Among the many inventions by women, reported in 1917, was one of a submarine to submerge in eight minutes instead of ten.

Margaret Prescott Montague, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* of "The Great Expectancy," says, "The herald of the times displays a black scroll, but it is shot through with a transcendent gleam, a hope that cries to humanity for a great service, a great faith, a great surrender. . . . What does the future hold? Agony, death, and war, no doubt, but also our own souls, God, and the Great Expectancy."

In the midst of the unprecedented demands for men, women, money, service, sacrifice, what of the great missionary movement? Are its appeals less urgent? Let *The Missionary Review of the World* speak: "This time of disintegration is also a time to prepare for reconstruction. The forces and agencies that prove themselves most vital now are the forces and agencies that will be recognized as supreme in the period that follows the war. Physical force, human organization and mental acumen are being tested and found wanting. It is for Christians to prove the supreme power of Christ and His principles. . . . There never was a time when missionary forces were in more need of strengthening. The staff in almost every field is depleted. . . . The increased cost of living, the dangers of travel, the difficulty of securing supplies, the political unrest in many lands, and the increased cost of exchange in foreign lands all make it imperative that, if the Church of Christ is to prove a worthy steward of the Grace of God, Christians must devote themselves with unprecedented earnestness to prayer and service; and must give their money more lavishly, not only to war causes, but to the spiritual work of missions."

We believe that our workers will meet the challenge of the hour in the spirit of the following story, told by Dr. Robert E. Speer, of the Ashanti expedition to Africa, which was so dangerous that it was resolved to send no man who did not volunteer to go. The colonel of the Scots Guards, who were at that time at Windsor, stated the matter to his men one day on the parade ground, and asked every man who was willing to make the venture to step out three paces from the line. He then turned his back for a moment, to give the men a chance to think.

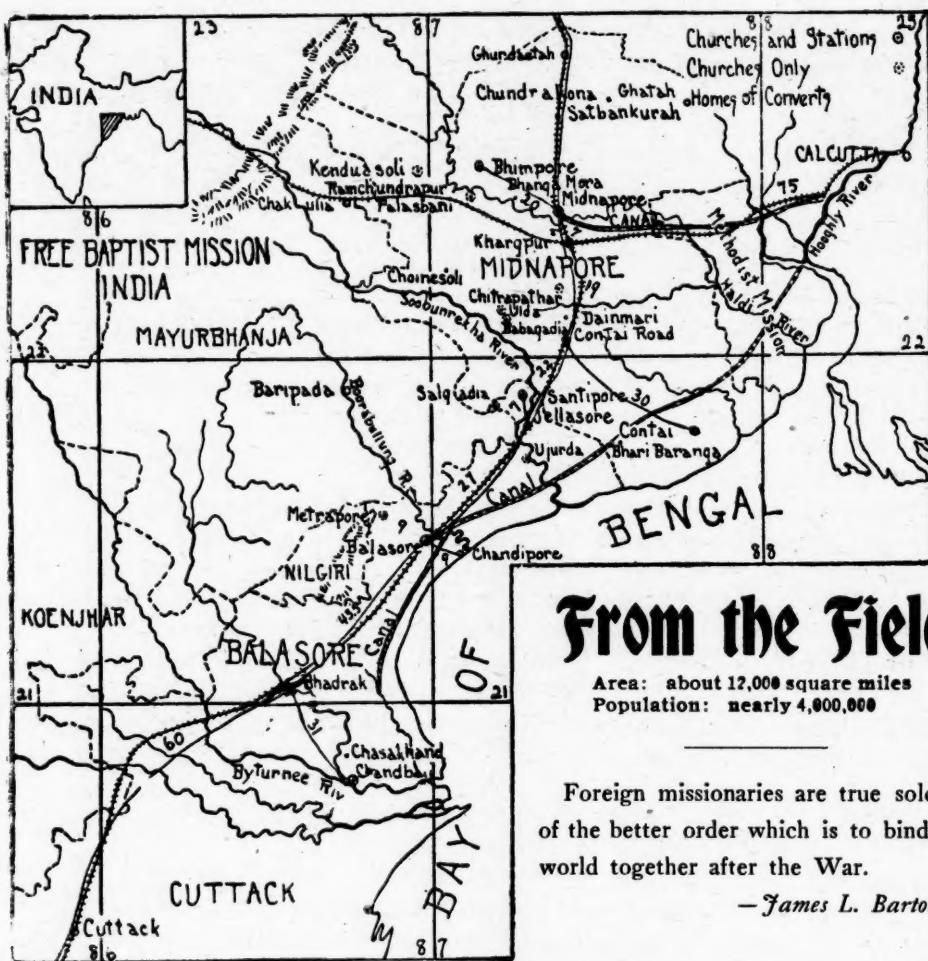
As he wheeled around, he saw the whole line unbroken, apparently just where it had been before. Had every man failed him? Ashamed, and chagrined, he exclaimed: "What! The Scots Guards and not a volunteer?"

An officer beside him said quietly, "Colonel, the whole line stepped forward."

QUIZ

What is the way to a happy Christmas day?
 In spite of the tragedy of war what wonderful thing is happening?
 Whom did New York salute reverently?
 What was the most stupendous undertaking for human welfare?
 How was one woman impressed by war conditions?
 What is now ours to pray for, work for, give for?
 For what is special appeal made?
 Who is Dayabati, and what is the significance of her name?
 Why was she unhappy and how made glad?
 Who is the "gratefulest kid" and why?
 Why is it difficult to strictly limit the number in Sinclair Orphanage?
 What does the study of Domestic Science include, in Balasore?
 If our children in Sinclair Orphanage need bread and milk, and their mother-doctor cannot afford to give it to them, who is to blame?
 What happened to Susannah, and what was like a Song of Solomon?
 What seems, to a missionary, like a bunch of news from many dear friends?
 What Red Cross nurse wrote from "Somewhere in France"?
 Why did they not feel strange in England?
 How did the French people receive them?
 "An experience I wouldn't have missed for anything!"—what was it?
 What are some interesting things a friend saw on her wedding journey?
 What is Miss Coombs' daily round at Balasore?
 Where was afternoon tea?
 How has something that was "rather an experiment" turned out?
 What is Miss Coomb's daily round at Balasore?
 Where are other missionaries?
 Where is a Mass Movement forming?
 What is said of teachers of more than 60 schools?
 What has emphasized man's absolute need of Christianity?
 From whom has the F. B. W. M. S. received a bequest of \$500?
 What does Miss Mosher say about Hooverizing? Of what is she persuaded?
 Where are hundreds confessing Christ every month?
 What is the "Book of Remembrance"?
 Who are true soldiers of the better order?

(Answers may be found in the December HELPER.)



From the Field

Area: about 12,000 square miles
Population: nearly 4,000,000

Foreign missionaries are true soldiers of the better order which is to bind the world together after the War.

—James L. Barton.

PRAYER POWER.

Prayer is mysterious, but the history of missions proves nothing more conclusively than that it is a mighty force. Prayer has a large place upon the mission field. It is the most conspicuous fruit of the Gospel in its new soil in Japan. Year before last the Japanese Christian workers of Sendai gathered at five o'clock every morning during the six coldest weeks of the winter to pray for the salvation of the city. One of the great Japanese Christian leaders, who has been considered somewhat free in his views, recently said concerning the present nation-wide evangelistic campaign: "Whatever results have been achieved have come from prevailing prayer." But, again, shall all the praying be left to those to whom the church is sending her missionaries?—Rev. D. B. Schneider, D. D., in *The Outlook of Missions*.

RAMBLING THOUGHTS

Dear HELPER Friends:—

Tonight I sat down and read the HELPER through. Long may it live and prosper. It is the connecting link between the days which were and the days which are. Seeing so many names of our India missionaries naturally threw me into a sort of reminiscent state of mind. I thought of the missionaries who were on the field when we went in 1883 and of those who had come and gone up to the time of our retirement in 1910. Of the scores who were there then, or who went during those 27 years, but few remain.

And especially since you refer to the death of Brother E. B. Stiles, one event after another comes trooping into my mind. He went out in 1888. As I remember he was there about six years, possibly seven. He came home on account of his wife's health. Soon after his retirement from the Board, he became Secretary for the young people's work and moved his family to Keuka Park, but a stone's throw from our house. When our General Conference was at Winnebago, Minn., he and I went together to attend. At the same time and place the Foreign Mission Board had a meeting and we were invited to be present. At this meeting we were asked if we would be willing to return to India the same autumn and leave our wives in America. We both replied that we would, and came back to the Park with that thought in mind. Mrs. Stiles consented for him to return, but Mrs. Griffin thought that if her health was not sufficient to return to India it was not sufficient to care for a family alone. He returned. We tried as best we could to help Mrs. Stiles bear the burden of the two children, but we soon saw, and she saw, that she could not do it. I took her to relatives in the East; and Brother Stiles soon returned, to the great grief of the missionaries then in India. Since that time to the time of his death he cheerfully bore heavy burdens and faithfully did his work.

May the Lord watch over and keep the dear children.

Sincerely yours,

Z. F. GRIFFIN.

Keuka Park, N. Y.

Real joy comes not from ease, not from riches, not from the applause of men, but from having done things that were worth while. That was Christ's joy.—W. T. Grenfell.

TREASURER'S NOTES

"Railroad War Board would bar shipping of non-essentials. Railways are overtaxed." "*Non-essentials!*" This was the catch-word to eye and mind and quickly flashed the thought: "Isn't that just what mankind is doing, and very generally,—barring the non-essentials, side-tracking the lesser, the unimportant things of life, in these days of large vision, of responsibility, and brotherhood?"

Yes, we are looking over and beyond life's trivial things, and are seeing its true values as never before, and what wonderful unity of purpose and effort in our working together for the common good is being born of, or in the midst of, this world tragedy, with its brother-against-brother outworking!

Turning to our work, for the information of our workers as to the purpose and working of the United Apportionment Plan we are passing on information gathered from an address by Mrs. Andrew MacLeisch on the *W. A. B. F. M. Society and the United Apportionment Plan for Foreign Missions.*

If we are asking the why of this plan, we learn that it is for the sake of the greater efficiency of the church in its work as a whole; "that the ratio for division of the money received for Foreign Missions has been determined by a study of the receipts upon apportionments for the past three years, and is 37% to the W. A. B. F. M. Society and 63% to the A. B. F. M. Society;" that the process of forwarding gifts is from the individual or Society to the District Treasurer of the locality in which either is situated; that "every month each District Treasurer sends to each State Secretary in her District an itemized statement of receipts upon apportionment in her state, which statement the Secretary studies with great care. She copies the report by Associations and sends to each Association Secretary a statement of receipts in her Association, with suggestions of helpfulness to lagging circles.

"The District Secretary (A. B. F. M. S.) sends his receipts monthly to the Treasurer of his Society, and the District Treasurer (W. A. B. F. M. S.) sends hers to the National Treasurer of her society and these two National Treasurers will each month divide the receipts on apportionment 'in accordance with the accepted ratio.'

"The great aim of this year's work is to develop in every church the spirit of hearty co-operation and the broad outlook upon the whole enter-

prise, not as the work of two separate societies, but as the one work of bringing in the Kingdom of God."

By the way, we have previously spoken of the desirability, yes, the necessity, of quarterly remittance. Quarterly payment is the policy of the W. A. B. F. M. Society. Mrs. MacLeisch says: "It is earnestly hoped and fully expected that the end of each quarter, June 30, Sept. 30, Dec. 31 and Mar. 31, or a few days earlier, one-fourth of the year's apportionment may be sent to the proper treasuries." Let us fall in line.

Do you not wish to look over our shoulder a few moments and see for yourselves what Dr. Mary has to say about "our girls"?

First, you will be interested to note that garden making was the fashion in India, as well as at home, last spring, for you see she says: "They all (the little widows in the Home at Balasore) made gardens, and did it so well I gave them all prizes." Are you surprised to find when Mollika, who was in charge at Sinclair Boarding was married, that *Jamini* took her place? You aren't if you remember Miss Coe's first word to us with reference to her,—"*a promising, energetic, bright child*, just growing up all of a sudden. She has many lovable qualities." Later, word came of her baptism. Read on and see what Dr. Mary says of her today: "I want to send her away to see other Orphanages and broaden her horizon. The children love her, and she loves them, and they are well and fat." Of the girls,—"They have been well this last year; there has been only one case of serious illness, little *Sukoda* with Bright's disease. She has been in the hospital but is now back with us. Possibly she is a little better." (The Farmington ladies who support this little one know her as *Sukha*, evidently an abbreviation of her "truly" name.)

Note the tactful way in which the girls are helped to their best,— "*Josimoni* was out of school a year and then allowed to go back. She went back to school about a month before the quarterly exams. She was so sure she could not pass, she was quite inclined not to try, but I told her she must make up her mind not only to take them, *but to do well*, and so well did she enter into the spirit of my admonition, she came out finely. She is now working hard and taking on responsibilities and carrying them well. *Khoti* was a problem for a while. We kept her at home for a month. Her going back was the beginning of better days. Another thing was putting her in head of a *pala* of girls. It was rather an experiment, but has turned out well, for she runs her work as well as the best, giving well cooked, prompt meals, when on cooking shift, and doing her other

work equally well. The girls do their work in *palas*, or shifts, of which there are 12 or 13, so it repeats itself about every three months. Sosi was married in October to a nice Midnapore boy, and is very happy. Her new relatives seem to think much of her." (This means a new assignment for Portland, Maine, Primary Department.)

Now we come to the "arriving" part of Dr. Mary's letter, telling of the girls stepping out from the recipients' place to that of the givers: "One of the Oriya hymn books has several Bible stories set to tunes the girls know, and another of my dreams was realized when I took a small company of girls to sing, and went magic-lanterning. Two girls told the stories of the pictures, and the evening passed off successfully, about 200 women and girls being in the audience. Another evening we went to a Mohammedan zenana."

Thus are our *Sinclair Boarding* girls entering into Christian service, their entering having been made possible through your interest, prayers and gifts, dear friends. Is it not worth while,—this in-your stead service; long-distance gifts accomplishing near-at-hand service?

With best wishes for you each as we enter the New Year,

Cordially,

EDYTH R. PORTER.

47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION AGENT'S NOTES

This month I want to take up the space allotted me for a special personal talk with each individual subscriber.

First. I wish to say to each one of you that the printed subscription slips in the November *HELPER* were not "duns." They are regularly inserted each November for the convenience of subscribers in making their remittances.

N. B. If you happen to be in arrears, and this slip reminds you that we want the money you owe us, well and good.

Second. After you have sent in your subscription, look at the date on the address tag of the next *HELPER* you receive. See if the proper credit has been given. If not, notify the agent, and then watch the tag on the *HELPER* after that.

N. B. By watching the tags, instead of depending on the postal

cards, we have been sending in receipt of subscription, you can help save postage and bring down the H. C. L. for the *HELPER*.

Third. Will each subscriber carefully read and faithfully heed the instructions and requests printed in fine type at the top of the second page of the *HELPER*.

N. B. This will facilitate our work and ensure you more satisfactory service.

Yours for progress,

A. M. MOSHER.

107 Howland St., Boston, Mass.

DID IT EVER STRIKE YOU?

Nearly one-fourth of the land surface of the earth is in the continent of Africa.

The distance around the coast of Africa is as great as that around the world.

Eight hundred and forty-two languages and dialects are in use among the black people of Africa.

One out of every ten of the inhabitants of Africa is a Moslem.

There is one missionary for every 133,000 souls and an area unoccupied by missionaries which equals 3 times New England plus 4 times New York plus 8 times Iowa plus 18 times Ohio.

Belgian Congo, where our Baptist work is located, is about one-fourth the size of the United States and has an estimated population varying from nine to fifteen millions.

The people belong to the great Bantu race, of which Miss MacKenzie writes in the second chapter of "An African Trail."

Fetishism is the religion of the Congo, which fills the whole universe and all material objects with spirits which are usually evil—a most brutal and degrading religion.

American Baptists have 10 stations, 17 missionary families, three men and two single women. Two more single women are under appointment.

"For the darkness shall turn to dawning,
And the dawning to noonday bright,
And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth,
The Kingdom of love and light."

—From "Our Work in the Orient."

Helps for Monthly Meetings

Through our reading, study and social life as a missionary society, "May we become true witnesses of Thy will toward men, of the pure life of Thy Kingdom and the glad assurance of Thy presence. Build up our faith, increase our joy and multiply our service; that Thy life may shine through our lives for the help of others."

TOPICS FOR 1917-1918

September	—Welcome Day.
October	—Our Work in the Orient.
November	—Home Missions
December	—"The White Man in Africa."
January	—"The Bulu"
February	—I. Prayer and Praise. II. "The Bulu and God."
March	—"The Ten Tyings."
April	—"The New Tribe."
May	—Thank Offering.
June	—"The New Custom."
July	—Field Day.

JANUARY.—PRAYER AND PRAISE. THE BULU AND GOD.

"God's ships of treasure sail upon the sea
Of boundless love, of mercy infinite:
To change their course, retard their onward way,
Nor wind nor wave hath might.

"Prayer is the tide for which the vessels wait
Ere they can come to port. And if it be
The tide is low, how then canst thou expect
The treasure ship to see?"

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

PART I. OPENING HYMN.—"O God of God." (*Missionary Hymnal*, page 84.)

SCRIPTURE READINGS.—Leader, Ps. 145:1-10; Responsive, Ps. 100.
"God is always on the other end of the wire; take down the receiver!"

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.—A group of brief prayers.

READING.—"What is Prayer" (article in this number).

PRAYER FOR OUR MISSIONARIES IN BENGAL-ORISSA AND AT HARPER'S FERRY.—Mention each one by name and the work she is doing.

“HELPING TOGETHER BY PRAYER.”

I like to feel that though on earth
We never meet,
Yet we may hold heart fellowship
At God's dear feet.

I like to feel in all the work
Thou hast to do,
That I, by lifting hands of prayer,
May help thee, too.

I like to think that in the path
His love prepares,
Thy steps may sometimes stronger prove
Through secret prayers.

I like to think that, when on high
Results we see,
Perchance thou wilt rejoice that I
Thus prayed for thee!

—E. G. Barnes-Lawrence.

PRAYER FOR OUR WORK.—For Sinclair Orphanage and the Brown Babies; for the Schools about which Miss Gowen writes in this *HELPER*; for Zenana, Bible and Evangelistic work; for Storer College. “While we pray for Africa, let us not forget the African in America.”

“While our work needs reinforcing, while we need more funds to carry it on, these needs are secondary. The one primary need is prayer. We go out to fight against the great enemies of God and mankind, against the powers of darkness and spiritual wickedness in high places; and for that service, for that warfare, if we are to be strong, it must be you at home who will make us strong. As long as your hearts and hands are uplifted to God in earnest supplication, just so long will victory be ours.”—*F. Howard Taylor.*

PRAYER FOR OURSELVES.—That we may be swift to feel, to see and to do; that we may be wise in making choices, loyal to responsibilities; and especially that we may daily renew our consecration to God's service. “Our prayers must mean something to us if they are to mean anything to God.”

PRAYER.—For the coming of the Kingdom to this anguished world; for all, in every land, who are helping to bring a sense of universal brotherhood.

“God would call us in this hour, when men are being summoned to kill and to destroy, to send out more men and women to save, and to comfort, and to heal; men and women who will lay down their lives in bringing life to their fellow-men. We must send forth new army corps of the soldiers of Christ, and we must give them more abundant means, endowing them so plentifully that they can go out into the needy places of Asia and Africa and assuage the pains and burdens of the body, and dispel the darkness of the mind, and give

liberty to the imprisoned spirit, and lead the souls of men into the life and joy and peace of our blessed Lord."—*Dr. Jowett.*

PART II.—Readings from "The African Trail," Chapter 3, "The Bulu and God."

BENEDICTION.—(See *Hymnal*, page 44.)

NOTE.—Each one of the foregoing parts in this very vital program should be thoughtfully assigned in advance.

Our Quiet Hour

"God himself cannot do some things unless men think; He cannot do some things unless men work; and there are some things God never can do until He finds a man who prays."

FEAR AND FAITH.

Fear, facing the New Year, Thinketh, "What shall it bring?" And is dumb, Dreading the hidden ways.	Faith, looking upward, saith: "God is in everything— Let it come: God ordereth the days." This is our New Year's bliss. He is mine and I am His. All the days, all the ways Lead us home. Let us pray, let us praise.
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—*Mark Guy Pearse.*

THE HABIT OF PRAISE.—The attitude of praise is a characteristically Christian attitude. It goes with faith and hope and love. It does not depend upon surroundings; for an attitude is a thing taken toward surroundings, and not a part of them. Praise to God does not depend upon other men. Praise of God's goodness does not depend upon what opportunities the world may offer. The Christian who chooses the habit of praise can practice it all the while, for it depends only upon the presence and love of God, which are everlasting.

Praise teaches the soul, daily, to look beyond the day. If this world were all, praise might sometimes falter. But God's purposes are eternal. The contemplation of God's promises and his love leads the heart on to thoughts far beyond earthly disappointments or trials. Even though the worst happen, God is still in his Heaven, and His children are traveling

there every day. The partings of mortality are not hopeless, because immortality will reunite souls forever, beyond all parting. There is no conceivable crisis in which the faithful Christian may not find praise to lift to God.

No heart full of praise can be small or narrow or powerless. Praise is the language of Heaven, the speech of the angels. The prayer of petition is for the beginner in the Christian life—but the prayer of praise is the mark of the saint. The glory of God shines down daily and hourly into the hearts of those who praise Him, and so they always have light, no matter how dark their surroundings. Every Christian can attain to the attitude of praise.

MARK L. PRENTISS.

"OUR FOLKS"

Miss Gowen writes that Miss Gladys Thacker reached Hong Kong safely after a delightful trip, and was due to sail from there November 1. . . . Our Corresponding Secretary, Miss Fenner, has gone to Southern California for the winter. Letters will reach her if addressed in care of Rev. A. W. Rider, D. D., 622 Baker-Detwiler Building, Los Angeles, California. . . . Our President, Mrs. Durgin, writes of a practical plan being worked out in Winnebago which may well be followed in every local society: "Our Auxiliary is making effort to raise its whole apportionment by March 31, 1918, having changed its financial year to correspond with that of the W. A. B. F. M. S. We will then have our Thank Offering (in May, as usual) in our *first* quarter, and be able to meet our first quarter's apportionment without fail." . . . Mrs. Mary A. W. Bachelder, Committee of Reference between the Women's Baptist Societies and the F. B. W. M. S., attended an important meeting, at Northfield, in November, of the Board and Executive Committee of the W. A. B. F. M. S. and a joint meeting of the men's and women's boards. Governor Milliken was there for a day. The meetings were deeply spiritual as well as practical. Representative missionaries from several fields were present and made thrilling appeals for the work of their special stations. One action of the W. A. B. F. M. S. of especial interest to HELPER readers was the vote to raise the salaries of our missionaries—except the first term ones—beginning next October. We all rejoice over this action and will help "make good," will we not? An officer in New Hampshire writes, "One of the

things for which I am very thankful, and I have heard other people express the same thought, is that we have such an efficient, gracious, lovely lady to represent us. I doubt if we even half appreciate what she has done for us all." . . . Mrs. Clark, the warm-hearted, keen, resourceful President of the Woman's United Baptist Missionary Federation of Maine, has a clever little sketch in a recent *Zion's Advocate*, "Snap-Shots of Some of My New Inspirational Friends." Among characterizations of Baptist workers, of whom our own representatives at the Presque Isle meeting had spoken with friendly appreciation, she gives the following: "That next picture is Mrs. Jordan. Mrs. Greatheart, I call her. Tender, strong, with sound sense and deep spirituality. And Mrs. Bachelder, a Christian gentlewoman, a woman of poise, quiet, wise and good, generous in words of praise. That is Mrs. Jose of Portland. The Free Baptist ladies call her their 'recording angel.' She impressed me as being a master of detail, business-like, a woman of ability, and I discovered too that she is a parliamentarian—just what we need. That is Mrs. Paul of Auburn—alert, willing-hearted, ready to work, a real helper." . . . The *Hillsdale Collegian* refers to the retirement as practising physician of Dr. Frank L. Durgin, Winnebago, Minn., chiefly because of the impairment of his sight. His home paper pays high tribute to him as a pioneer physician and refers to his unmeasured service to the people in that part of the State, where he went about in blizzards and fair weather. "All honor to this good man, who thought more of duty than he did of himself. The soldier on the battlefield, fighting for his country's cause, is no more worthy of recognition than is the physician who sacrifices his personal welfare in the cause of humanity." Dr. and Mrs. Durgin celebrated their fortieth wedding anniversary while in Maine, last summer. To both of them our best wishes go at all times. . . . Among the names of the Administrative Committee of the Federal Council of Churches, which cares for the continuous administration of the Council for the next four years, we note those of Rev. Alfred Williams Anthony and Rev. Rivington D. Lord. . . . Many of you will remember Miss Scott, a former missionary of the F. B. W. M. S. in Bengal-Orissa. She writes from her home in Scotland that she is very busy working for the soldiers, 600 of whom are training in her town. The women there do all of the mending for the soldiers, as well as other work for them. . . . Miss Ada Belle Kennan, daughter of Dr. A. L. Kennan, now of Hillsdale, Mich., spoke delightfully of Christmas in India, at a meeting of the College Y. W. C. A. She wore the graceful

Indian costume and sang several native songs. . . . Our Treasurer, Miss Porter, gives an excellent explanation in her Notes of the "how" of that Apportionment Plan Texas W. M. societies are still auxiliary to the F. B. W. M. S. Mrs. Chapman writes that they are sending for the "Manual" and other helpful literature. What she really said was, "they send for the *most* Manuals." Well that indicates that they are *most* alive. A Happy New Year of work to Texas! . . . Ruth Daniels wrote, in a Midnapore Station Letter, "The other day I went to a Mohammedan house where I hadn't been for five or six months, and they said, 'We thought you had forgotten us, we have thought about you so much and we haven't forgotten all you said.' I met a poor woman on the road, not long ago, to whose house I used to go, but lately have not found time, and she said, 'Why don't you come to our house again? When you don't come, we can't endure it.' I have been to her house once since and how she did listen to every word I told her of Jesus, saying, 'I know there is nothing in idol worship, and no one of our gods can save us, only your one true God.'" . . . Mrs. Murphy writes that she and Dr. Murphy are back in Midnapore, living in what is known as the Bachelor Bungalow. "Miss Daniels and Mrs. Holder, with little Doris, are our neighbors, living across the way in Henderson Home. With the beginning of last year Mrs. Holder took over the zenana work formerly carried on by Mrs. Burkholder, and Miss Daniels has the girls' Middle English school, which was my charge for a number of years, besides five secondary schools in the bazar and nearby villages. I am delighted to take over what for many years were known as the Jungle Schools, which for a long time were under the supervision of Miss Butts and more recently under Mrs. Ager. These schools are out in villages, the nearest two miles and the farthest twenty-four miles from home, thus requiring my getting out in the country, which I love to do. I found houses where the women had never seen a white woman and seem eager to have me come to their homes. The Midnapore Middle English Boys' school is also under my care, but with Kegendra Nath Das, B. A., one of our own boys, as headmaster, the school is in good shape and will not require much of my time. However, besides the schools, there are three weekly classes in Bible study, and the home to care for, so that it is an honest fact that the *memsahib* has no time to play!"

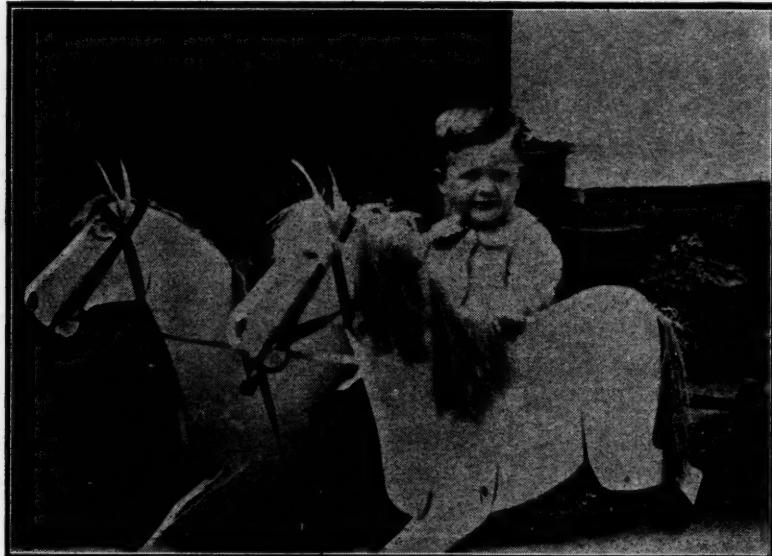
"If you can make doing good fascinating and fun for folks, you have solved the problem of evil."

Juniors

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Suppose we think little about "Number One";
Suppose we all help someone else to have fun;
Suppose we ne'er speak of the faults of a friend;
Suppose we are ready our own to amend;
Suppose we laugh *with* and not *at* other folk,
And never hurt any one, "just for a joke";
Suppose we hide trouble and show only cheer—
'Tis likely we'll have quite a "happy new year."

—Mary Mapes Dodge.



HAPPY NEW YEAR, JUNIORS!

Merrill Collett, Balasore, India

A FAMILY MITE BOX

A MONOLOGUE.

The way it came about was this. I was listening while mother read a story to Aunt Mary. It was so funny—about an old lady who said she hadn't one thing in the world to be thankful for. A young lady wanted

her to keep a mite box on her mantel and promise to drop in a penny, at least, for every time she said she was thankful. She told the girl that if the heathen had to depend on her mite box for help, they'd all go to the bad. And then, without thinking, she said, "My, but I'm thankful I'm not a foreign missionary!" Of course her friend had the laugh on her right off, and made her put in her first penny then.

After mother and Aunt Mary got through laughing over it, I had a thought and I said to mother: "May Jill and I start a family mite box and see how much we can get before the mission band has its thank-offering?" and mother said, yes, we might. So we all agreed to be honest and put in something every time we said we were thankful. I suppose it was kind of mean, but we didn't tell father, for we wanted to surprise him. The evening of the very day we finished the box (Jill and I made it and painted things on the outside), father had just asked the blessing and commenced to carve when he said: "I believe I never was so thankful for a happy home as I was tonight when I walked along with Mr. Dumps and realized how he just dreaded to go home every night to his fault-finding wife and squabbling children!" Jill and I fairly flew out of the room and came back and held the box right under his nose. Father was so surprised! But he said: "Well, here's a quarter for a starter, for a good-natured mamma and happy-go-lucky children are worth more than a penny!"

I can't begin to tell you all the ways we got pennies. Mother was thankful the sun came out on washday, when the cookies didn't scorch, one time, and that there were rolls enough to go 'round one night when we had unexpected company.

Father put in lots of nickels and dimes instead of pennies. I wonder why it is that fathers always seem to have plenty of change in their pockets? It's just as easy as anything for them to get an ice cream soda or a little bag of chestnuts or pay street car fare and nobody ever thinks where their money has gone to. But when you have a little money and it gets gone, some one is sure to ask what you did with it all; and if you say, "Father uses up lots of nickels and dimes and doesn't tell," then mother says, "Jack, that's a very different thing."

Well, I started to say that father did lots toward filling the box. There was a nickel when eleven chicks were hatched from twelve eggs; and another when Mr. Dumps remembered to return that good umbrella he borrowed; and ten cents when the stitch in his back went off and didn't settle into lumbago, and lots more things.

We children had to pay pennies quite often. One was when the robins came again to build their nest in the big ash tree just outside our window, and another the morning the big squirrel came up the tree and tried to steal the eggs, but was fought off by the mother robin. The biggest money we got in the box at all was the half dollar mother put in when the doctor said Jill did not have the diphtheria.

Well, I'm not going to tell how much money we found when we opened the box, because some of you wouldn't believe it, and that would hurt my feelings, so I'll just close by saying you had better try one in your family and of course you'll believe your own eyes when you open your own box.—*Mission Day Spring.*

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